

# Iter Boreale, to the Presbyterian Party.

OR,

Doctor Wildes Recantation from his Reformed Study, to Mr  
Calamy in Aldermanbury.

**T**His Page I send you, (Good Sir) to rejoice  
That from a Grate I heard thy *Newgate-voice*,  
O may all Pulpit-Railers have such places,  
To shew their Ears in Text, and splay-mouth'd Faces!  
Nor need to Steeple upon Steeple set;  
But in a string sooner to Heaven get!

I can't behold you take into your gills  
Rebellious doses, as men swallow pills;  
Nor let you swim again in *Royal Blood*,  
Whilest Loyal Souls are drowned in a flood  
Of *briny tears*, which fitter deemed are  
For your *Repentance Stool* than *rest's Chair*:  
If *Peter's chains* your fury can't restrain,  
Let *Judas's halter* be your curbing Rein;  
Let all your Sermons raise you to such Honours;  
And may you feel worse flames than cruel Bonners:  
May all your Brethren poor *Erraticks* be,  
And (like fixt Stars) the sacred Bishops see  
Immoveable within their glorious Spheres,  
Who ravish (like the tunefull Orbs) all ears  
With their *harmonious Doctrines*; whilest all stare  
At you, as *Meteors hanging in the Air*:  
Or if you're turn'd out of your House and Home,  
To a safe Habitation you may come,  
Yecleep'd a Gaol, whilest your shame and disgrace  
Rises both from your crime, and from the place.

Although reproach and injury was done  
By an Eclipse to the *pratique Sun*,  
He onely by that black upon his brow  
Allur'd Spectators more; but so don't you,  
Whose lowering aspect, whose prodigious look,  
Clouded with malecontent, can't Bishop brook;  
Nor King; but, like a Comet, does preface  
A *Monarch's Tragedy* on *Englands Stage*.

May every Rod you feel, a Scorpion prove;  
And may you be by Hells black Gaoler drove  
Into the deep *Abyss*. If you are there,  
*Newgate* must needs a *Hell on Earth* appear.  
Indeed the place does for your presence call;  
'Tis that which makes it *Newgate* most of all.  
Thanks to the Bishop, and his good Lord Mayor,  
Who would not let the Church, a *House of Prayer*,  
Be made a *Den of Thieves*; their Prudence knew  
What *Cage* was fittest for such Birds as you,  
Who (like the railing Thief) dare *Christ* revile,  
Slay *Gods Anointed*, and his Churches spoil.

Now Sir, were I to write your *Mittimus*,  
The world should know soon why thou'rt dealt with thus:  
The Gaoler, like a Prisoner at the Bar,  
Should set thee forth, and what thy offences are  
Proclaim, and prove, That being dead in Law,  
(As if you car'd not for that death a straw)  
You walk'd, haunted your Church, thinking to scare  
Away the Reader and his *Common-Prayer*;  
And with your Alphabet of Faces fright  
Your Auditors, worse than a Fiend or Spright  
Rais'd from the Shades: Nor did you onely walk;  
But (like a Puritan) much nonsense talk.  
Dead, and yet *Faction* preach? these *Kirk's vile Slaves*  
Will preach *Rebellion* in their very Graves.  
You said the *Ark was lost*, and told a story,  
That *Israel divorc'd was from its Glory*:  
The *Ark's* not safe with you, till *Royal Blood*  
Support it like the waves of *Noah's Flood*:  
You'll not the Dove with th' *Olive-branch of Peace*  
Receive, nor from your late *Rebellions* cease.  
Item, you play'd the Thief, and if't be so,  
Good reason (Sir) to *Newgate* you should go;

And when you're there, none need to swear you are  
The greatest Pick-pocket that e're came there.

But your great Theft you acted in your Church:  
I do not mean you did your Sermon lurch;  
That's a small crime with you; but you did pray  
And preach, that you might steal the hearts away  
Of Loyal Subjects, Viper-like, and eat  
Your Mother Churches bowels: This strange feat,  
This Felony deserv'd imprisonment.

What? can't you *Non-Conformists* be content  
Sermons to make, but you must prate them too?  
Thay that your places have do Preach, not you.

Thirdly, 'tis prov'd, when you pray most devout,  
You leave the (Reverend Fathers) Bishops out:  
Well then may Learned *Sheldons* powerful spell  
Conjure, and lay you safe in *Newgate Hell*;  
For (to display my thoughts) there cannot be  
Prepared for you better Company  
Than Roaring Boyes; sure mirth you cannot want,  
Whilest they so loud do sing, and you do cant.

But I'm confin'd too to as bad a place;  
Let's then for Sympathy compare our case:  
For if in suffering we do both agree,  
Sir, I may challenge you to pity me.  
I am the older Gaol-bird; my hard fate  
Hath kept me twenty years in *Cripplegate*;  
And were all I deserve conferr'd on me,  
Thence had I carri'd been to th' *Gallow-tree*.  
My Limbs with th' *Presbyterian Gout* do ache,  
He my fat Body for the *Kirk* does take,  
Where he resides and tortures every Limb  
That wont against the Head rebel with him;  
And causes me against the Church to prove  
So stiff, that I one Article can't move:  
An Enemy to *Common-Prayer*, he  
Hath from'these twenty years suspended me:  
And in my station if he find me painfull,  
I'm sure to go to the *Repentance Stool*.  
He binds up, looseth, sets up, and pulls down,  
Pretends he draws the Humors from the Crown:  
But I am sure he maketh such ado,  
His Humors trouble Head and Members too.  
He hath me now in hand, and ere he goes,  
I fear for *Hereticks* hee'll burn my Toes.  
O! would give all I am worth, a Fee,  
That from his *Jurisdiction* I were free.

Now, Sir, you find our sufferings do agree;  
The Bishop clapt up you, the *Kirk* hath me.  
But oh! the difference too is very great,  
You are allow'd to walk, and drink, and eat:  
I want them all, and never a peny get,  
So much the *Presbyter's* against me set.

May then bad Angels and worse Women come  
To make your Prison Hell, and bring your Doom:  
And may it be so, till you do repent  
Of that which caused your Imprisonment;  
May, for the greater torture of your Lives,  
The tortures of your Conscience (than your *VVive's*  
*VVhen* he lies in) beworfe, and may you see  
Such bitter Satyres as now come from me.

I'll now subscribe, and play the Fool no more;  
I'll keep my Parsonage e're I'll die poor:  
And if by th' *Kirk* I'm ever more beguill'd,  
Let the whole Universe proclaim me *Wilde*;  
For if I don't conform unto the *Miser*,  
I've made in vain my *Boreale iter*.

FINIS.